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OUR SCHOOL.

MOORE, and Jones, and Mordax, and I were talking of the famous case of *Puncheon v. Puncheon*, which recently came before Sir Cresswell Cresswell. 'Ah!' said Moor, 'Puncheon was in our school.' 'Our school,' said Jones; 'what d'ye mean? You and I were not at school together.' 'No,' said Moor; 'but we always talk of Christ's Hospital as "our school." Whenever there's a murder, or a suicide, or a divorce case; whenever, in fact, anybody distinguishes himself, and we recognise his name as that of an old school-fellow, we express ourselves in that way. The reason of the thing is this, I think: all the fellows who have been educated there fancy that if they use the proper term, people will suppose they began life with some sort of disease, and were in or out patients of the place where they received their education. Besides, the word *hospitaller* rather taxes a man's pronunciation—a shy man doesn't like to venture upon it, and *Christ's Hospital* has a sort of profane twang; so we always speak of the home of our boyhood as *Our School*. O dear me, I had pleasant days there—and unpleasant too, of course; but I believe it is much changed since I was there, which was many, many years ago. They tell me the fellows have all sorts of comforts now: real milk, and spoons to eat their bread and milk with, and meat every day in the week, and night-shirts, and crockery-ware, and are never caned or flogged unless they have committed some offence. I hope good may come of it; but I have my doubts; the age seems tending towards effeminacy. I used to think we were brought up in a manner that would fit us for anything in after-life: we had Smithfield within smelling distance; the shambles over the way; the Compter Prison next door; the Old Bailey close at hand; a dress that made us conspicuous everywhere; rough fare and rougher usage. Now Smithfield is not, nor the Compter either; the Old Bailey certainly remains, and so does the conspicuous dress; but the rough fare and the rougher usage, they tell me, now are past and gone.'

'But what I want to know,' said Jones, 'is what you do with those caps you are supposed to have. You do have them, don't you?'

'O yes,' said Moor; 'but you couldn't wear them if you tried; it would require a vast knowledge of statics to make them stick on your head; and what

becomes of them, I don't know; I believe some fellows give them to the elephant at the Zoological Gardens.'

'What! to wear?'

'No; to eat. I recollect one fellow myself who, after plying the elephant with buns, and getting his mouth well open, ended by throwing his cap in; but whether the elephant swallowed it or not, I can't say, as we "skedaddled" directly, for fear of consequences.'

'It must be a queer place,' said Mordax, who is a bit of a brute: 'it's a charity-school, isn't it?'

'I am very happy to say,' returned Moor cheerfully, 'that it is. It shews that there was at least once a king who, if he hadn't a kind heart himself, had advisers about him who had; and the number of its governors proves that there are very many people who, for some reason (never mind what), will assist their fellow-creatures; and as far as I am concerned, I honour and reverence the memory of that king, and those advisers; and as for the governors, dead and living, I can only say that whatever their motive was for becoming governors, I hope they don't repent it.'

'But, I say, Moor,' said another, 'tell us how you got in there, and all about it.'

'With great pleasure,' replied Moor, 'I will give you a few of my recollections. You see, when I was about seven years old, my mother, who was a clergyman's widow, of slender, indeed you might say attenuated means, had one morning put into her hands a rather larger letter than ordinary, having read which, she became paler (and she was very pale always) than usual, and more serious than I had ever seen her before. After thinking a short time, she said: "Come here, Bob;" and seeing her so serious, I went without more ado. She placed me on her knee, put my hair off my forehead, and then looking me earnestly in the face, said: "Bobby, dear, would you like to go to school?" "No, ma," answered I decisively. "But you must go some day." The rejoinder to this remark was a blubber, accompanied by symptoms of inattention. After I had been "steadied," it was demanded of me: "Would you like to wear a blue coat and yellow stockings?" This was a vision of splendour which struck my childish fancy amazingly, and I answered with the hesitation of one who feared he was being imposed upon: "Oh!—yes—ma, so—much." "Very well, then, you shall; but you must go to school to wear it. Will you?" "Ye-e-e-e-s." And so I went. The large letter was a presentation to Christ's Hospital;

and a month before I was eight years old, there I was.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' interrupted Mordax; 'and how did you like the dress when you got it?'

'Well,' answered Moor, 'I'm bound to confess that it didn't come up to my expectations. The coat, it is true, was blue enough, but then it was a thought heavier than I could have wished for, and seemed to have been invented for the purpose of checking any tendency one might evince to grow. Then the stockings were undoubtedly yellow, but they were woollen, and new withal, so that I found the first few weeks of my education were occupied in friction of the legs; for if anybody who has been accustomed to wear socks will try new, rough, woollen stockings, he will find that the irritation to the legs is by no means inappreciable. Moreover, I had not calculated upon a yellow petticoat, which I found I was obliged to wear, lest, I suppose, I should grow up with any freedom of gait. In other respects, except that the rough shirt was rather painful to the skin, and the "bands" cut my throat, and the shoes made me limp, and the hailstorm which fell upon my bare head alarmed my mother, lest I should catch my death of cold, I felt considerably elated the first day I donned my new dress.'

'But tell us,' said Mordax, 'about your introduction to the school: don't you go to some place in the country first, as a sort of preparation?'

'Yes, we do; and there I got my first lesson in public-school ways. You see, I had never been away from home before, and consequently when half-a-dozen boys encountered me, and ejaculated "Hollo! here's a new fellow," I was somewhat confused, and my confusion was not relieved when one of them inquired roughly: "What's your name, you fellow?" However, I answered as pleasantly as I could: "Robert." What I had done, I couldn't conceive, but this reply was evidently taken in anything but good part; for my questioner turned to his comrades for counsel. "I say," said he, "did you hear that fellow? What would you do, if you were me?" "Punch his head," was the prompt reply; but fortunately I had a merciful boy to deal with, who simply said: "I say, what a fool you are; what's your other name?" "Moor," said I. "Very well," returned he, "if any other fellow asks your name, mind you say 'Moor.' Most fellows would punch your head for saying 'Robert,' but I won't, if you don't tell anybody." I promised earnestly to keep the matter entirely to myself, and upon the next inquiry about my name, derived great benefit from my instructions.'

'Oh! ah!' said Jones, 'that is much the same at all schools; but I want to hear about the London place. I daresay they treated you very much as babies at the country-school. Tell us what sort of masters you were under in London.'

'If that is what you wish to hear about,' said Moor, 'I have a very vivid recollection of them. Mind, matters are very different now. I am speaking of a long while ago, when the views of the wise man with respect to the rod were more in vogue than they are at present, and you will bear that in mind as I tell you one or two anecdotes respecting our preceptors. First of all, there was the very tall gentleman with the remarkably fine eyes, and particularly benevolent expression, who used to chastise you on Christian principles. This reverend gentleman, I think, was more calculated to "hurt" than any other with whom

I ever made (involuntary) acquaintance, and the first time he ever "performed" upon me, he astonished me no less by the singular line of argument which he adopted, than by the chastisement which he inflicted upon me. It happened upon a day that I was seated in my place, learning diligently my lesson of Greek grammar, and immediately behind me was my intimate friend Bigot, who ought to have been engaged in the same occupation; but Bigot's animal spirits were great, and his appreciation of the dead languages small; acting, therefore, upon an irrepressible impulse, and seeing the back of my head temptingly close, it appeared to him likely to be productive of much fun if he should hit me as hard as ever he could with the sharp corners of his Greek grammar; this, accordingly he did. Now, funny as the action most likely was in the abstract, I defy flesh and blood, at ten years of age, to appreciate the joke fully, without a repartee in kind; my fist, therefore, had replied on the instant, and my dear friend's head had just bumped against the wall as the door of the grammar-school opened, and the gentleman who chastised on Christian principles entered.

"Ho, ho!" said he; "come here, you two; come along—c-o-m-e-a-long." To this insinuating invitation I replied by jumping nimbly out of my place with all the speed of conscious right, and advancing towards him with all the indignation of outraged virtue.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is the meaning of all this? What did you strike Bigot for?"

"I was learning my lesson, sir," said I, "and Bigot hit me over the head with his book, without provocation, and I struck him."

"Is that so?" he inquired of Bigot, who had crept slowly up, as one who feels himself a culprit.

"Yes, sir," answered Bigot.

"Then, sir," said the reverend gentleman, turning to me, "I shall give you double, as it is not a *Christian virtue to revenge*." So we were both soundly caned, and it is not wonderful if from that day to this I have a difficulty in seeing the exact distinction between revenge and retributive justice. And yet I still feel kindly towards my judge, for whilst he gave me many kind hints, much good advice, and several gentle lectures, he only caned me once "on Christian principles." All other canings from him I own I well deserved.

'The next reverend gentleman who had the instruction of my mind, and the chastisement of my body, was a very different person. He was short, but powerful in the arm, and did not chastise on any particular principles. It was generally supposed amongst us that "to be or not to be" caned depended not so much upon our deserts, as upon his state of mind and body; inasmuch that the boys whose turn it was to be drilled by him in the afternoon, would inquire anxiously of those who had been drilled by him in the morning in what condition of mind and body he appeared to be—whether he were "passy" (passionate), that is, in a state of mental irritation, or the contrary; and whether there were any symptoms of his being ill in health and feeble in body. And I am afraid that if the latter were announced to be the case, there was satisfaction visible in the inquirers' countenances; for when passy and in good bodily health, he was very much given to "slashing about." Besides, he had an ingenious process of instruction, which consisted in "thrashing a lesson out of us." Ordinary persons would suppose that if a class of boys declared they hadn't had time to learn their *quantum* of Virgil, or pleaded that they couldn't understand it, the preceptor would in the one case allow them more time, and in the other proceed to a careful explanation; but the Rev. Mr Whiskers despised such common-place proceedings. "Oh, you don't know it, b'ys" (he always called us "b'ys"), he would cry, "don't you?" or, "Oh, you don't understand it,

don't you? Come up, then, and I'll thr-r-r-ash it out of you!"

"Personally, I rather liked this method of learning the Latin language; for all you had to do, when it came to your turn to construe a word, if you didn't know the English of it, was to hold out your hand, when you received a cut across it with the cane, and the translation was told to you at the same time, and became indelibly fixed upon your memory; but then my hands, particularly in warm weather, were of such a nature that what we called "cakes" produced no effect beyond a slight tingling. The majority of my class-fellows, however, judging from the way in which they bowed their heads forward after each cake, and compressed their hands between their knees, to say nothing of fitful moans and splutterings like the spitting of an angry cat, would have preferred some other style of instilling knowledge. Moreover, Mr Whiskers's patience would fail him sometimes, even when engaged in this educational exercise, and then he would throw the book at the "first boy's" head, bundle us all hastily out of "the study," to reperuse our work, and never fail to apply the toe of his boot to the retreating figure of the last boy. Dire consequences befell me upon one such occasion, for having myself made no mistake, and having heard vague rumours of a quality called justice, I fondly imagined that I might walk quietly out of the study last with impunity; but "O purblind race of miserable men," the inevitable boot was applied to me with such effect that I remained standing opposite my sitting-place on the bench out of sheer agony. Out rushed the Rev. Mr Whiskers—"Why don't you sit down, b'y?" roared he.

"Please, sir, I can't," was the reply.

"Why not, b'y?" continued he.

"Please, sir, you kicked me," answered I; and the

Rev. Mr Whiskers's conscience evidently smote him, for he retreated into his study without another word.

"Nor shall I easily forget the fate that befell Limes upon another such occasion. Mr Whiskers had explained to us (after a thrashing of course), the meaning of the Greek word *δέρμα*. I think he had said that in the particular passage it meant "halter-skelter;" and then he boiled over and turned us all hastily out of his study. Limes being a boy not without a touch of humour, was struck with the appropriateness of the expression to describe our hasty exit, and remarked generally, in rather a louder tone of voice than was under the circumstances judicious: "Here we go *δέρμα*." In a moment, the hand of Whiskers was in his collar; in another, the cane of Whiskers was describing arcs about all parts of Limes's body; and within the space of three minutes all Limes's sense of humour had vanished, and a long-continued snuffling, as he sat with his face buried in his arms, told a tale of warning to juvenile jokers.

"It goes to my heart to have to liken a reverend gentleman in any way to Diabolus; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the Reverend Whiskers resembled Diabolus in so far as the latter is reported, when in ill-health, to have professed an intention to turn monk, but as soon as he became convalescent, to have scouted the idea with scorn. So it was with Whiskers. How well do I remember the story which my friend Enderton told me of the manner in which his class suffered from too ready a belief in the professions—during a state of feeble health—of Whiskers. Whiskers had been ill, and whilst under the influence of consequent weakness, had summoned Enderton's class before him, and addressed them after this fashion: "You know, b'ys, I have been ill; indeed, I am not at all well now; I don't feel equal to worry of any description. I have felt, too, that I sometimes behave with undue severity towards you; so, for the future, I intend to change all that: we must not quarrel any more. If you have any doubts or difficulties, you must come confidently to me; I will do my best to

clear them away for you; and I shall expect you, in return, to do your very best, and spare me all needless annoyance and excitement." This little speech was followed by feeble and dubious cries of "Yes, sir—yes, sir—yes, sir," from one or two of the more trustful "b'ys." Now, so long as the weakness of Whiskers continued, it so happened that there was no occasion to put his professions to the test; but he very soon mended; his strength returned; he walked with the old, firm, quick, irritable step; he clutched and bit the hair upon his cheeks in the well-known snappish manner; he ground his teeth occasionally after his pristine habit; and, in fact, it was dreadfully apparent to all that Whiskers was getting quite well. Now, fate brought it to pass that just at this identical time the class-work became very difficult, and it was suggested to Enderton, who was first boy, to avail himself of the Rev. Mr Whiskers's kind offer for the benefit of the form. But Enderton was by no means of a confiding disposition, particularly when Whiskers was the person with whom he had to deal; he therefore, in the flattest manner known to school-boys (and that is very flat indeed), refused. However, upon its being represented to him that if he didn't, the whole class would set upon him after school, and "pitch into" him, he found himself in a dilemma. So, after pondering awhile, it seemed to him better, both for the sake of his popularity and his skin (since there was just a remote chance that Whiskers really had meant what he said), to encounter Whiskers. He therefore approached him with his most insinuating air, and had just commenced with: "Oh, if you please, sir," when he was interrupted by a sharp "Well, b'y, what is it?"

"Oh, you were kind enough to say, sir"—

"What did I say, eh? eh, b'y?"

"You said, sir, if we didn't understand"—

"Oh, you don't understand such simple stuff as this, b'ys, don't you?" roared Whiskers. "Come up first form, and I'll thr-r-r-ash it out of you!"

"It was a melancholy fact that Whiskers was quite well again.

"Whiskers's was certainly a reign of terror, and I have heard it denied that he ever shewed kindness, but I can assert most positively that he did to me. He desisted when I was unwell, and sent me to the infirmary; he cheered me on when I made some progress; and he indicated my claims to reward and promotion when my comrades had forgotten me whilst absent from ill-health. I'll not defend his system of instruction, but I can only say, an occasional caning, even if not quite deserved, made me enjoy my play-hours more, and I can't help thinking that a great deal of the listlessness which I have observed, or fancy I have observed, in boys under the modern system, arises, to a considerable extent, from the banishment of the cane. Oh, the wild yell of delight with which we used to rush into the playground after a morning with Whiskers! The sense of relief and utter abandonment atoned for everything but the kick—I protest still against that kick. But, as I said before, this is all over; I believe a boy objects now to be caned even when he deserves it.

"I remember another reverend gentleman who had singular notions of discipline; he threatened to flog me when I was on a form which was tacitly admitted to be exempt from corporal punishment, because, though of the usual age, I was "only a little fellow;" but he expected me at the same time to be well up in the "higher subjects," which "only a little fellow" who was amenable to flogging was likely to know nothing whatever about. The same gentleman exhibited a similarly ludicrous sense of justice upon another occasion: we had some work to write upon paper, and it so happened that Kinson, who sat next to me, had made exactly the same mistakes in every instance that I had. The conclusion was obvious—one of us had copied from the other. So next morning,

our work having been examined during the evening, the terrific voice of the Reverend Mr Wronghead sent forth from his desk the dread command: "Moor, come here."

"Yes, sir."

"You copied your work yesterday."

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then how could you have it exactly the same as Kinson?"

"The conclusion was tolerably clear, and I simply shrugged my shoulders. But Mr Wronghead had made up his mind; he therefore said severely: "Sit there, sir, in the middle of the school, that all may know you are the dishonourable boy who copied. Write out the whole work a dozen times, and in the course of the morning I shall flog you."

"Now Kinson, who was a most honourable fellow, upon hearing all this, dashed from his place to my rescue, confronted the wrathful Wronghead, and boldly deposed: "It was not Moor who copied, sir; it was I."

"Then he is worse than you for allowing it; you go to your place, and write out the work half-a-dozen times. I shall not flog Moor under the circumstances, but he shall still write out the work a dozen times, and still sit where he is. Do you hear, Moor?"

"Yes, sir," answered I; and there I sat for a week—whenever we came into Wronghead's school—and wondered continually how I was the more guilty of the two. I wouldn't have objected to share the guilt equally, though even then, I think, it would have been hard measure, considering the relations that exist between form-fellows, one of whom has no authority over another. However, all this is past and gone. There is no "funny" justice, I believe, now at our school—boys are no longer in such dread of appearing before him who sits in Wronghead's seat that they have no appetite for their meals, and the boy who takes his stand before that seat with signs of recent breakfast upon his lips, is no longer considered a hero. As I said before, I hope good may come of it."

"You didn't have any good games at your place," sneered Mordax, "did you?"

"I don't know what you mean by *good games*," returned Moor; "there was very little cricket and rowing; still the upper few called Grecians did get some of that on half-holidays; nor was such football as we had of much account: but of *rough games* there were several, rough enough for anybody; indeed, they were some of them forbidden by the authorities. The chief were called "Gates," "Cheating Running-over," and "Storm the Castle." In the first, two fellows stood face to face, with a distance between them of about two arms' lengths; and between these two, the other players, having tucked their garments into the smallest possible space behind them, ran one by one at full speed, their object being to force themselves through "the gates" without being caught. The two who formed the gates could catch the runners only by the bundle of garments, and the time for holding them before they were considered "caught" was regulated by the general voice of the players. Each fellow, as he was caught, ranged himself in a line with one or the other of the two forming the original gates, and thus, when a good number played together, there was gradually formed a tolerably long avenue, through which only great bulk and great momentum could carry any one. Of course the components of the gates were not permitted to close round a runner, and only one was allowed to hold him at once; nor could any one move from his place, unless he had caught hold of the runner, and was fairly dragged along by him. The caught was allowed to twist and wriggle himself about as he thought fit, to get rid of his captor, but could not touch him with his hands, unless previous arrangements had been made that "fisting" should be allowed, in which case he

might pommel the captor in any part of his body (but not in the face) until the cry of "caught" was raised. With fisting, this game, as may be supposed, was not to be despised in respect of roughness and excitement.

"Cheating Running-over—not a very enticing name—was a game something of the same description, except that the original two stood side by side, and the runners, as they were caught, ranged themselves in a solid mass, the front row only having their hands free, the rest being locked together with their arms round one another's waists, so that the non-caught had at last enough to do to force their way through them. At this game, fisting was always allowed, and it was found of service in making the arms of one leave their hold of the waist of another. Nor was he who could scramble over the heads of the whole mass considered to infringe the laws of the game. But Storm the Castle was the roughest of all. The players divided themselves into two parties; one was to form the defenders of the castle, and the other the assailants; which should be which, was decided by a toss. The defenders ranged themselves in a mass in an arch of the cloisters; the assailants then charged them, and their object was to force their way through the defenders. As any got through, they ranged themselves behind the defenders, and whenever their own party made a rush, did the best they could, by pushing forward the defenders, and clasping the outstretched hands of their own party, to drag them through. And when all were through—though it was not always the case that all *did* get through—the castle was considered taken; and the defenders, if both sides were not too exhausted, became the assailants, and *vice versa*. Fisting in this game was not allowed; but anybody who objected to being thrown on to the back of his head, or on to his nose, or having his throat pretty tightly compressed, or to being walked over, did well not to join in it. Nor was a loss of a little hair, or a few buttons, or a casual black-eye, or accidental scratchings of the face, or possible breakings of fingers, to be regarded by a player at Storm the Castle. Such were some of our rough games, and I know of none rougher. But I believe they have all vanished with the introduction of better diet, better attention, better justice, and less cane."

THE POLISH SUBJECTS OF RUSSIA.

THE miserable buildings which a large proportion of the Russian nobility occupy in Russia Proper, are yet superior to those which the Polish nobility inhabit in Russian Poland. Rough, ugly, with little internal accommodation, they are for the most part surrounded with litter of all kinds, including heaps of manure; and this class of building is what is met with through the vast territory which extends from Courland to Kherson, with a few exceptions, where the taste or ambition of the proprietor has induced him to make some improvements. Very few towns which deserve the name are situated in that part of Poland which Russia rules. Warsaw, which, according to the last census, has a population of 160,000, is far in advance of the rest; the town ranking next counting only 27,000 inhabitants; and there being only five others which at the same date possessed a population of 10,000 and upwards. The population of the entire territory within the limits already mentioned is estimated not to exceed seven millions. The nobility, and almost the whole population, are Roman Catholics. There are some Protestants, some members of the United Greek Church, and some who profess themselves members of that Greek Church which has separated from the ancient institution;

but these are said to be comparatively few in number, not from any indifference on the part of the government, which has always shewn itself ready to exercise pressure in favour of the Greek Church, and pretty strong pressure too. But the Poles generally, nobles as well as peasantry, have the strongest dislike of the Russians, with whom they have no sympathy, and whose language and customs they alike despise.

There is another element in the population which holds nearly the whole of the commerce of the country in its hands. For centuries past, in fact, ever since the time of King Casimir, who, during the persecutions of the Jews at the time when the pestilence, known as the Black Death, was desolating Europe, gave a refuge to all of that nation who could reach his territory, the Jews have abounded in Poland. In travelling through it to Kherson, we were astonished to find how large a proportion of the inhabitants of the towns are Jews, and there is not a village without some members of this race, who, even in the poorest locality, are said to find means of making a better living than their neighbours. Every village has its drinking-shop, and almost every landlord is a Jew, who pays the noble proprietor of the estate on which it is situated an annual sum for the privilege of supplying the tenantry with the wretched brandy, mead, and *Kirchwasser*, on which they are so fond of regaling themselves, that a man has been known to exchange all he possessed, even to the crop in his field, for brandy. If the landlord would part with his liquor for cash only, no great harm would be done; his receipts in that case would not be large; but it is a matter of indifference to him whether he takes payment in the shape of articles of apparel, poultry, or any other farm-produce. He will not even refuse to make an advance on a cart-wheel, knowing that his customer will be certain to find means of redeeming this, the vehicle to which it belongs being useless without it. Drunkenness is a vice which is exceedingly prevalent in the country; nor can this be a matter of surprise to those who know how little the peasant has to amuse him. Moreover, there is no moral check; it is the noble who employs him who has the sole right of distilling the liquors he is encouraged to drink, and who sells to the Jew the privilege of vending it among his tenants, and who is therefore by no means likely to dissuade them from expending their earnings in a manner so profitable to himself. You can generally recognise the drinking-shop, whether in the so-called town or village. It consists usually of two rooms, one occupied by the landlord, his family, and his stock in trade; the other appropriated to customers and travellers. Any comparison between the best of these and the most wretched of our village inns, would be greatly to the advantage of the latter. The travellers' room is devoid of furniture, and the floor is of earth, as indeed are the walls, which are made of clayey earth and chopped straw, well kneaded together, and roofed in with thatch. The generality of the cottages which one sees are of similar materials, but smaller; the room on one side of the entrance contains the stove or oven, and serves as the eating and sleeping room; the other is commonly used as the stable, and by the domestic animals generally as a sleeping-place in the cold weather. Between these cottages, grass and weeds grow abundantly, and form no small proportion of the food which nourishes the ducks, geese, and other inhabitants of the farmyard. Under these circumstances, anything worse than the condition of the roadway in the villages, as well as in their immediate vicinity, it is not possible to conceive. When the snow melts, and after heavy rains, the vehicles sink into the mud up to their

axles; and to make something like a solid road up to the door of the noble who owns the village, a quantity of stable litter is thrown down, which is gradually worked into a sticky mass, not badly suited for building purposes, but very little suited for pedestrian movements.

The favourite dish of the peasantry is a soup made of chopped beet-root, fermented in salt water, and flavoured with a mixture of herbs. In practice, if not in theory, the Polish peasantry are vegetarians, as indeed the very poor are in all countries; but they are better off as regards variety of diet than the Russian peasantry, owing to their climate being more genial. As to their costume, both male and female, it is seen in its most favourable aspect on the stages of our theatres, the work-day costume of the women being of a much simpler kind, consisting, in fact, of a single garment, with a kind of woollen apron before, and another behind.

Jews do the principal part of the buying and selling. Go through any of the markets, and you will see a number of these people walking up and down, like a body of keen Micawbers waiting for something to turn up. Their glances are directed incessantly towards one or other of the roads which open into the market, and the instant a peasant makes his appearance with a load of vegetables, or anything else, for sale, he is surrounded by them, and tempted with offers, until, what with the hustling and the noise, he hardly knows where he is. Liquor usually forms a portion of the price, and he is both prudent and lucky who manages to return home with a fair proportion of the purchase-money in his pocket. If, as sometimes happens, the crafty trader who has caught him succeeds in making him helplessly drunk, and then, under the pretence that he has taken the value of his merchandise out in brandy, removes it from the cart, and throwing the insensible proprietor of the vehicle into the same, turns the animal adrift with a kick, to find its way home, it is of very little use for the peasant to complain to the authorities.

The information of a traveller merely passing through the country, on the subject of such abuses as these, may be questioned; let us therefore translate an extract from a recently published work, written by M. Lestrelin, who spent sixteen years in Russia and the Russo-Polish provinces. Speaking of Poland, he says: 'In every town there is a kind of police magistrate, whose duty it is to adjudicate upon all complaints brought before him. His pay is so small that he must of necessity rob somebody, or he could not obtain the means to support his family, and furnish himself with a uniform and a droschki, and one way in which he does this is as follows: every Saturday, after the termination of the Jewish Sabbath, he receives a delegation from the corporation of Jews, who bring him a sum of money varying in amount according to the extent of the business transacted in the place. This is one way. Another way is to levy black-mail on the shops separately; if this is not paid within the time specified, he orders the defaulter's shop to be closed till he complies with the requisition. This may appear improbable, nevertheless we vouch for the truth of the assertion of our own personal knowledge. The police-officers generally have a method of dealing with the shopkeepers, which is scarcely less effectual, though it is milder in appearance. Each officer in turn sends an invitation to the shopkeeper to come to a party he is going to give to celebrate his wife's birthday, the baptism of his child, or on some other pretence. The form of the invitation varies according to the trade of the person addressed, but he is given to understand that he is to bring with him a portion of his stock, whatever its nature may be. This is only one of numberless methods of extortion, the Russian police

being about as ingenious as any body of men in the world in finding excuses for plundering those they are appointed to protect. I will just give an instance of this, in which I was personally concerned. I was at Zytomirz, the chief town in Volhynia. At that time, I was unable to speak either Russian or Polish, and was forced to rely on a Jewish interpreter. According to custom, directly I arrived I presented myself at the passport-office, gave up my passport, and asked for a *permis de séjour*. The person whose business it was to attend to such matters asked me, in the usual contemptuous manner, if I was a free-mason; a member of any secret society; why I left France; the object of my journey; what means of subsistence I had; and how long I intended to remain in Russia? After this series of questions, which were made in French, he remarked that my passport was not in form, and that he must get instructions respecting it from St Petersburg. To submit to this decision was a matter of course. Pending the arrival of the permission, I took up my quarters in the best room of the best hotel in the town. Such a room! The bare walls were whitewashed; the bedstead was formed of deal-planks roughly nailed together, without any kind of mattress or covering; two straw-bottomed chairs and a deal-table, crippled in its legs, formed the entire contents of this, the most sumptuously furnished apartment in the hotel. After dragging on a monotonous existence for three weeks in this wretchedly dull place, our interpreter came in one morning, and said, in a manner which he thought knowing: "Are you not vexed that the answer does not come from St Petersburg? If you like, I will put you up to a secret, only I am afraid of compromising myself. You know how the police treat us poor Jews." Then he added, in a drawing tone: "It is only to oblige you that I speak." While saying this, his open hand was held out towards me; the hint was plain enough; I dropped a five-franc piece in it. But this, it appears, was not enough, for the other hand was immediately thrust forward. A second five-franc piece was deposited in this, and then, with a profound bow, he spoke thus: "The officer at the passport-office remarked that you have a very pretty gold watch—the possession of this watch would give him great satisfaction."

"What!" I exclaimed indignantly. "In conformity with Russian usage, I slipped ten francs in his hand when I handed him my passport."

"That doesn't matter; in Russia, they receive with both hands."

"Very well; then I shall go and get my passport back," I said angrily. "I will give up my idea of travelling in the country."

"In the first place," replied the Jew, "he will not let you have your passport back without a fresh proof of your generosity; and then, before quitting the town, you must advertise your intention in three successive issues of the official gazette, and this gazette appears only once a week."

"Why must I do that?"

"Because it is a formality every foreigner has to observe before quitting the Russian dominions: the object of it is to give notice to his creditors, if he has any."

"But I have not been in the town a month—I have not contracted any debt."

"That doesn't signify; they will not alter the law on your account. So you had better continue your journey; only mind you never pay the postage of your letters to foreign countries except when you are in large towns, for, if you do, the official will throw them in the fire, and put your money in his pocket."

"Though fully persuaded that the Jew was acting in collusion with the official, I was so anxious to have done with the matter that I hastened to the passport-office and handed over my watch to the latter, who graciously accepted it, and the next morning presented

himself in my room in full uniform, and with a multitude of bows and apologies, gave me the document required to enable me to travel through Russian territory."

It is not every traveller who is victimised like M. Lestrelin, but in some form or other, every foreigner who enters any part of the Russian empire is made to pay for the privilege, and the more distant from St Petersburg the more he does pay. The large number of troops which have been quartered in the Russo-Polish dominions for so many years past, is said to have been highly detrimental to the morals of the female portion of the population. This has doubtless had a share in fostering the antipathy with which the Poles regard their oppressors, and tended quite as much as the desire for liberty to bring about the present revolution.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

WHO CUT OFF KING CHARLES'S HEAD; AND WAS HE HUNG IN CHAINS ON TYBURN-TREE?

A VERY excellent, but not altogether novel riddle inquires of us: "Where did the executioner of Charles I. get his dinner upon that fatal day, and of what did it consist?" to which the ridiculous answer is returned: "He took a chop at the *King's Head* in Westminster." But although we have long possessed this unnecessary detail of his proceedings, yet, at the period of the event in question, not only was little known concerning this bloody minister of the law—if Law it was—but even his very identity was disputed.

Among the nine-and-twenty Regicides put upon their trial, appears the name of William Hulet, accused not only of imagining and compassing his late majesty's death, but of being the very man who struck the blow. It had fared ill enough with all the prisoners whose trial had preceded his own, and it was not likely that Hulet—the man of the bloody hand—should escape from any absence of crown evidence. There was plenty of that at the Old Bailey, October 10, 1660. Since the king himself had been put to death illegally, his enemies were not to escape through the overstraining of mercy or fairness. The judicial proceedings, says Ludlow, 'were purposely delayed during the time Mr Love was to continue sheriff of London; he being no way to be induced, either for fear or hopes, to permit juries to be packed, in order to second the designs of the Court. But after new sheriffs had been chosen more proper to serve the present occasion, a commission for hearing and determining the matter was directed to thirty-four persons; of whom fifteen had actually engaged for the parliament against the late king.' If the zeal of the apostate is to be feared by his former friends, the Regicides certainly stood in peril. The Duke of Albemarle, late Colonel George Monk, was one of this special commission; he who afterwards 'not only acquiesced in the insults so meanly put upon the corpse of Blake, under whose auspices and command he had performed the most creditable services of his life, but, in the trial of Argyle, produced letters of friendship and confidence to take away the life of a noble man, the zeal and cordiality of whose co-operation with him, proved by such documents, was the chief ground of his execution.' The Earl of Manchester and Denzil Hollis, Esq., were also on the commission, formerly two of the six members designed for execution by the late king, personally concerned in the Great Quarrel, and 'who had contributed the utmost of their endeavours to engage divers of the

gentlemen (upon whom they were now to sit as judges) on that [the Parliamentary] side.' Mr Arthur Annesley had actually been a member of the parliament whilst it had made war upon the king; Finch, condemned for high treason twenty years before, had only escaped by flight; while Sir Oliver Bridgeman, 'who, upon his submission to Cromwell, had been permitted to practise the law in a private manner, and under that colour had served both as spy and agent for his master, was intrusted with the principal management of the tragical scene.'

Even in that awful trial-scene, but a few years before, in revenge for which the present proceedings were held, there could have been scarcely more strange and powerful elements of tragedy; not only were now the places of accused and accusers reversed, but the very tribunal of justice was, in great part, composed of men who were equally liable with the prisoners to be placed at the bar; while the fickle populace, who, when their monarch was on his trial, so sympathised with him that the soldiers of the Commonwealth could not reduce them to silence, now as openly expressed their scorn of the unfair proceedings instituted against his foes. When Mr Windham, in a speech of more loyalty than logic, was urging for a conviction: 'I think a clearer evidence of a fact can never be given than is for these things,' we are told, *Here the spectators hummed;** and the Lord Chief-baron besought them not to turn a court of justice into a farce—as though that transformation had not in reality taken place.

'Guilty,' 'Guilty,' 'Guilty' had been the monotonous verdict of the grand-jury with respect to all the prisoners that had preceded William Hulet; and they had been removed from their places, either at the pregnant 'Look to him, keeper,' of the clerk of the court, or after the dreadful sentence of the judge: 'You that are the prisoner at the bar, you are to receive the sentence of death, which sentence is this: "The Judgment of this Court is, and the Court doth award, That you be led back to the place from whence you came, and from thence to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there you shall be hanged by the neck, and being alive, shall be cut down . . . and your entrails to be taken out of your body, and you living, the same to be burned before your eyes, and your head to be cut off, your body to be divided into four quarters, and head and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the king's majesty; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul.'" How strangely does the word 'mercy' peep out, like a daisy in a battle-field, amid that savage and loathsome sentence. The manner in which the Court 'directs,' and the counsel for the Crown imply, are evidence enough of a foregone conclusion in all the cases; and to save time, and useless contention, several of the accused plead guilty at once, and like predestinated sheep, are 'set aside.' In Hulet's case, Sir Edward Turner, attorney to His Highness the Duke of York, himself one of the *Commission*, seems to appear for the prosecution. 'May it please your lordships, and you gentlemen that are sworn of this jury, we are now entering upon the last act of this sad tragedy of the murder of the late king. There have been before you some of the judges, the counsel, the chaplain, and the guard; this prisoner

at the bar, in the last place, was one of those, which came with a frock on his body, and a vizor on his face, to do the work. . . . And we doubt not to pluck off his vizor by and by.' With this delicate joke, the proceedings involving the life or death of the accused person commence.

One Richard Gittens, being formerly in the same regiment as the prisoner, and a sergeant, as he also was at that time, states that about two or three days before the king's execution, their colonel, Hewson, sent for thirty-eight of his comrades, including the prisoner and himself, and having sworn them all to secrecy, inquires which of them will undertake the headman's duty; adding, that whosoever does so shall receive a hundred pounds down, and preferment in the army. 'All refused, and we thought Capt. Hulet did refuse.' However, at the execution, the witness, 'bustling to get near' the scaffold, sees Hulet, 'as far as he can guess, falling on his knees to ask forgiveness of the king before striking the fatal blow. He thought it was he by his speech. Capt. Atkins thought so to. "I told him (Atkins) I would not do it for all the city of London."

"No, nor I either for all the world," saith Atkins; "but you shall see Hulet quickly come to preferment;" and presently after he was made captain-lieutenant.'

The counsel inquires whether the witness recognised Hulet in any other respect beside his voice.

'He had a pair of frieze trunk breeches, and a vizor with a gray beard; and after that time Colonel Benson called him "Father Graybeard," and most of the army likewise; he cannot deny it.'

Hulet does, however, resolutely deny it.

Stammers, another witness, states that nine years after the Execution, the prisoner having known him but for two days, sent for him to his chamber, and confessed to him: 'I was the man that beheaded King Charles, and for doing it, I had a hundred pounds; I was a sergeant at that time.'

The accused denying this, asks who it was that was sent for him, and Stammers cannot remember, 'it was so long ago.' Captain Toogood being sworn, deposes that at the *White Horse* in Carlow he asked the prisoner, whom he had been told had cut the king's head off, whether that was true or no. 'He told me it was true; that he was one of the two persons that were disguised upon the scaffold. I asked him, what if the king had refused to submit to the block? Saith he: "There were staples placed about the scaffold, and I had that about me which would have compelled him." It was generally reported in Ireland that he was the man that cut off the king's head, or that held it up, and I have sometimes heard him called Grandsire Graybeard. On one occasion, being accused thereof, he replied: "Well, what I did I will not be ashamed of; if it were to do again, I would do it."

One Walter Davis deposes to have asked the accused this same question, and to have received for answer: 'Sir, it was a question I never resolved any man, though often demanded; yet whosoever said it then, it matters not, I say it now—it was the head of a traitor.'

Colonel Nelson witnesses to having had a conversation with Colonel Axtell (a regicide already condemned) as to the matter in question. 'Axtell said I knew those two disguised persons on the scaffold as well as himself; they have been upon service with you many a time. We pitched upon two stout fellows.

* *State Trials*, vol. v. page 1025.

It was Walker and Hulet. Who gave the blow? said I. Saith he: Poor Walker, and Hulet took up the head. I am not sure whether they had thirty pounds apiece, or thirty pounds between them. Colonel Tomlinson cannot swear to the precise garments of the masked men on the scaffold. 'They had, however, close garments to their bodies; they had hair on their faces; one was gray, the other was flaxen. I think he with the gray hair struck the blow.'

Benjamin Francis is a very eager witness. 'My lords and gentlemen of the jury, as to the prisoner at the bar, he was very active in that horrid act. There was two of them had both cloaths alike. They were in butcher's habits of woollen. One had a black hat and black beard, and the other a gray grised periwig hung very low. I affirm that he who cut off the king's head was in the gray periwig, and I believe this was about that man's stature (pointing to Mr Hulet), and his beard was of the same colour, if he had any.'*

Counsel here begs to observe that fuller evidence cannot be expected than that which has been given. The prisoner has heard all the witnesses; what has he to say for himself?

With respect to this fulness of evidence, it has been certainly sufficiently amplified, the few pertinent sentences we have extracted being selected from a mass of irrelevant and hearsay matter. The inquiry concerning his majesty's execution, indeed, resembles nothing so much as the evidence in another pathetic story, which has drawn many tears from simple eyes—namely, *Who killed Cock Robin?* There is the Fly with his little eye, and he saw him die, over and over again; there is even the Fish who caught his blood, in the person of many who dipped their handkerchiefs in the sacred stream; but after all, nobody can point out the murderer. There is no confession of the Sparrow, to make matters easy, as in *Cock Robin's* case. On the contrary, the prisoner states that he could prove an alibi, if only he may be allowed time to send for certain witnesses; that he has been in confinement, and unable to procure them hitherto; that so far from cutting the king's head off, he was imprisoned with nine other sergeants for refusing to be upon the scaffold. He demands that the prisoners be put upon oath as to who did the deed with which he stood charged, for that they could clear him.

The Lord-chief Baron conceives that that would be a pretty thing indeed; 'notwithstanding, it is supposed there are some in court that can say something tending to the information of the jury, but they are not to be admitted upon oath against the king.'

Hereupon, a sheriff-officer (but an honest fellow, one would think) voluntarily comes forward, and in the usual loose fashion evidences that he knows a man, one John Rooten, who told him that he was in Rosemary Lane a little after the execution, drinking with the common hangman, Gregory Brandon, and urging him whether he did this deed. 'God forgive me,' saith the hangman; 'I did it, and I had forty half-crowns for my pains.'

A second witness, one Abraham Smith, a waterman, furnishes some very curious but admirably natural matter. 'My lord, so soon as that fatal blow was given, I was walking about Whitehall, down came a file of musketeers. The first word they said was this: Where be the bargemen? Answer was made: Here are none. Away they directed the hangman into my boat. Going into the boat, he gave one of the soldiers half-a-crown. Said the soldiers: Waterman, away with him; begone quickly. But I fearing this hangman had cut off the king's head, I trembled that he should come into my boat, but dared not to

examine him on shore for fear of the soldiers; so out I launched, and having got a little way in the water, said I: Who the Devil have I got in my boat? Says my fellow, says he: Why? I directed my speech to him, saying: Are you the hangman that cut off the king's head?—No, as I am a sinner to God, saith he, not I. He shook every joint of him. I knew not what to do; I rowed a little way further, and fell to a new examination of him, when I had got him a little further. Tell me true, said I, are you the hangman that hath cut off the king's head? I cannot carry you, said I—No, saith he; I was fetched with a troop of horse, and I was kept a close prisoner at Whitehall, and truly I did not do it; I was kept a close prisoner all the while; but they had my instruments.—I said I would sink the boat [O Abraham Smith, Abraham Smith!], if he did not tell me true; but he denied it with several protestations.'

No short-hand writer of to-day has probably ever presented us with a piece of evidence more accurate than the above. There is something truly Shakspearian about its dramatic truth. How often must the man have told this tale, with all its redundancies and repetitions, in taprooms and snug parlours. The colouring was probably altered to suit his audience. When the men of the Protector's guard asked him to narrate that singular personal experience for their edification, he probably spared them much of the sentiment. To all unbiassed persons, however, Waterman Smith is a witness whose testimony outweighs all the rest, albeit his threat of sinking the boat (his own boat, and himself on board of it) is a little too enthusiastic even for the occasion.

William Cox deposes, more poetically, to the same effect, namely, that it was Brandon who did the deed.

'When my Lord Capell, Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded in Palace Yard, in Westminster, my Lord Capell asked the common hangman, said he: Did you cut off my master's head?—Yes, saith he. Where is the instrument that did it? He then brought the axe. This is the same axe, are you sure? saith my lord.—Yes, my lord, said the hangman; I am very sure it is the same. My Lord Capell took the axe, and kissed it, and gave him five pieces of gold. I heard him say: Sirrah, wert thou not afraid?—Saith the hangman: They made me cut it off, and I had thirty pounds for my pains.' The Lord-chief Baron sums up, on the face of this testimony, dead against the unfortunate Hulet. The jury, 'after a more than ordinary time of consultation,' return to their places.

'William Hulet, alias Holet, hold up your hand. Gentlemen, look upon the prisoner at the bar: how say you, is he guilty of the high treason?'

Foreman: 'Guilty.'

Clerk: 'Look to him, keeper. What goods and chattels?'

Jury: 'None, to our knowledge.'

It is fair to state, that in spite of the above verdict, the Court, 'being sensible of the injury done to him,' procured Captain William Hulet's reprieve, although we hear nothing of his pardon. The probability is, that among his republican friends, and while the Cromwellian dynasty lasted, Hulet took no pains to clear himself of the charge in question, but rather, by affecting a certain coyness, acknowledged the soft impeachment; just as one would not mind, under a liberal administration, having the *Letters of Junius* imputed to one; while, in the event of the establishment of a despotic monarchy, such a reputation would be dangerous.

It is singular enough, in the case of a monarch about whom there was so much doubt during his life, that, in addition to the above question as to who was his executioner, there is no little uncertainty as to his burial. The common account is, that immediately

* Conceive what would become of such loose statements as these in a modern court of justice, and under cross-examination!

after his decapitation, his body was embalmed, and buried in Windsor Chapel, in the same vault with Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. It is said to have been seen again on the occasion of the burial of one of the children of the Princess Anne, in the reign of William III.; while there is a detailed account, with which most of us are familiar, of the opening of the royal martyr's coffin, and the examination of its contents, by the Prince Regent in the year 1814. None of these things, however, are incompatible with a curious version of the interment of King Charles's body, which is here subjoined.

In the good old times, whose return is still prayed for by some honest folk, it was customary, upon the restoration of any political party to power, to take not only a great revenge upon their fallen enemies if living, but to commit atrocities upon their bodies, if they had been so fortunate as to escape their attentions by death. Thus, Cromwell's mother, and Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth (a true loyalist at heart, if we are to believe in historical paintings), and Admiral Blake, with many other not unworthy persons, were disinterred from their quiet graves in Westminster Abbey, by command of Charles II., and thrown promiscuously into a pit in St Margaret's Churchyard; while against the skeletons of the late king's more prominent enemies, still severer measures were taken.

By the Houses of Lords and Commons, it was 'Resolved, that the carcases of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, be with all expedition taken up and drawn upon a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged up; and after that, buried under the said gallows.' Some say this was carried into effect. Sir George Wharton, an annalist of that time, asserts that these four corpses were indeed hung 'at the several angles of the triple tree till sunset; then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome trunks thrown in a deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall.' A Note in Kennett's History describes how the sergeant of the House of Commons went to St Peter's, Westminster, and demanded the body of Cromwell, for the above amiable purpose, and found in a vault in the middle aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, at the east end, his supposed coffin, 'and upon the breast of the corpse (therein) was laid a copper plate, finely gilt, enclosed in a thin case of lead, on the one side whereof were engraved the arms of England impaled with the arms of Oliver.'

But was this the body of Oliver Cromwell, after all? Mr Barkstead, son of Regicide Barkstead, executed promptly after the Restoration, deposes to the contrary. He asserts that his father, being lieutenant of the Tower of London, and a great confidant of the late Protector, did, among other such confidants, in the time of the Protector's sickness, desire to know where he would be buried; to which he answered: Where he obtained the greatest victory and glory, and as nigh the spot as could be guessed, where the heat of the action was—namely, in the field at Naseby, county Northampton, which accordingly was thus performed. 'At midnight, soon after his death, being first embalmed in a leaden coffin, the body was in a hearse conveyed to the said field; the said Mr Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, they found, about the midst of it, a grave, dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mould on another, in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid carefully flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after, like care was taken that the said field was entirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with corn. Several other material circumstances the said Mr

Barkstead—who now frequents Richards' Coffee-house—relates, too long to be here inserted.'

In the *Harleian Miscellany*, this version is repeated, after which is added the following: 'Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr Sm— of G—, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterwards as minister from King Charles II., and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration; he assured me he had often heard the same account by other hands. Those miscreants always boasting that they had wreaked their revenge against the father as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. He [Cromwell] contrived his own burial, as owned by Barkstead, having all the honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr, that, if any sentence should be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. . . . The secret being only amongst that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people but the body so exposed was that it was said to be; had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that, on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who despatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have. On which the bodies were immediately ordered down, to be buried again. . . . Many circumstances make this account not altogether improbable; as all those enthusiasts, to the last moment of their lives, ever gloried in the truth of it.'

Lord Clarendon himself seems to give some countenance to the above narration. He describes how the body of Charles was exposed, after execution, to the public view for many days; how it was embalmed, and carried to Windsor, 'to be buried in a decent manner, so that the whole expense should not exceed £500;' but also how, upon his servants entering the church, with which they had before been well acquainted, 'they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those landmarks pulled down by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them where there was a vault in which King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour were interred. And as near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. . . . Upon the return of King Charles II., above ten years after the murder of his father, it was generally expected that the body should be removed from that obscure burial, and should be solemnly deposited with his royal ancestors in Henry VII.'s Chapel.' Lord Clarendon goes on to state that Charles II. fully intended this, and gave orders to that effect; but that those who survived of the interment-party being sent down to Windsor, 'they could not satisfy themselves in what place or part of the church the royal body was interred.' They caused the ground 'to be opened at a good distance,' but found it not, and on their relating their failure to the king, 'the thought of that remove was laid aside, and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing further inquiry.'

Upon this matter, Kennett observes: 'It has been

made a question and a wonder by some persons why a monument was not erected to the late king after the Restoration, when the Commons were well inclined to have given a sum of money for that grateful purpose. *We are afraid the true reason was that the royal body could not be found; those who murdered it had disturbed it in the very grave, and carried it away, and God alone knows whether they gave it any second interment.*

Assuming that Barkstead's narrative is a correct one, it might be easily explained how the body of Charles was afterwards found at Windsor. *His own friends had replaced it after the mistake was discovered.* The matter is certainly open to considerable doubt, although the idea of the substitution might have occurred naturally enough to the Cromwellian party, subsequent to the possibility of their putting it into effect, and been used merely to flout the dominant party. Whether carried out or not, the notion of making Charles's best friends the involuntary ministers of his disgrace, while they imagined they were insulting the bones of his chief foe, is not without a certain grim humour. Nor is it possible for nineteenth-century folk not to experience some little gratification in the thought, that individuals, no matter of what politics, who made warfare with the dead were foiled.

THE NEW YORK BANK-PARLOUR.

THE Lincoln Bank of New York, like the other fifty and odd city banks known and vouched for at the clearing-house, has its parlour. There the president or the cashier is to be always found during business-hours, and there the board of directors meet twice a week, for the consideration and dispatch of business. Let us introduce the reader within the exclusive precincts, and shew what kind of place it is.

The parlour is behind the bank-counter, and perhaps for much the same reason that the parlour of a London public-house is usually in the same locality. Were it more conveniently accessible, there is no saying what might sometimes happen, and so, to guard against contingencies, it is placed beyond the reach of all but the official and the favoured outside few. The porter, an assistant-teller, or an assistant-book-keeper, raises a short hinged portion of the counter, draws towards him a narrow door in the front wood-work, to admit those who have the wish and right to enter, and at a few yards' distance stands the portentous doorway.

The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is as hungry-looking as the chamber of a junior counsel in Lincoln's Inn. Along the ceiling there is a lean cornice, on which the dust and blacks of many a long winter have been left undisturbed. On the wall opposite the doorway, where a fireplace would in any other country be sure to be found, there is only an unsightly, projecting, black-leaded stove-pipe, which, after sundry gyrations to diffuse the heat, connects itself with a huge, tubular, black-leaded stove, in which article of supposed luxury Yankee ingenuity has done its utmost to extort a high price for delusive qualities. The only wall-picture to be seen is one which represents the price of wheat, the rate of discount, the notes in circulation, and the specie held by the Bank of England since the first restriction on specie payments. It is greasy, and in harmony with the stove, the stove-pipe, and the dust and blacks on the lean cornice. In the centre of the room there is an oblong walnut dining-table without a cover, the surface of which reveals frequent accidents with the inkstand, and free-and-easy shakes with

overcharged pens. Pen-wipers and heavily weighted stand-dishes have evidently not yet found their way into the bank-parlour. A close inspection of the table adds further to our stock of banking knowledge. Where there are stains from accident or carelessness, and where there are none, pen-and-ink faces and full-length caricatures have been drawn, representing the president and the cashier, and individual members of the board, in all sorts of attitudes, and betraying all sorts of emotion. Bank-parlour meetings are not, therefore, so prosaic, nor all the individuals constituting the board so austere as the outer world is sometimes thought to believe. Round the table, again, in the London orthodox public-house style, there stand a dozen cheap hickory-backed and hickory-bottomed office-chairs. On the floor, there is an unassuming Dutch carpet, two or more sheep-skin mats, and as many cast-iron spitting utensils as may be thought necessary when the money-market is 'tightening up,' and a full board is squinting about an inordinate quantity of tobacco-juice.

Such is the parlour. Plain to meanness, and dirty and smoky enough for the commercial room in an out-of-the-way country inn, it nevertheless is the great centre from which good and evil radiate in their most potent forms. The good we see, in the diffusion of accumulated wealth, setting industry in motion, which otherwise would have been unheard of; the evil we see also, in the assistance given to overtrading in hopeful times, which necessarily is withdrawn abruptly when the day of pressure comes. Better furniture, a fireplace, well-papered or painted walls, more room, and a porter in livery at the door, to announce and usher in directors and the privileged ones among the customers, would neither exercise less or more influence, nor change the course of anything.

The preliminaries to a meeting of the board in the bank-parlour are numerous, and in some respects important. The chief matters are the preparation of the bank statement, shewing the loans, deposits, and specie; the posting of the discount register, shewing all the bills and loans at the time current; and the entry into the offer-book of all the bills submitted to the board for discount. From the first is deduced the amount which the bank can lend safely; from the second, the maturing assets is computed; and from the third is learned the demand of the customers of the bank on the unemployed capital which is on hand. A frequent incident is the early visit of an indulgent director, whose note-of-hand, secured by collaterals of doubtful value, happens to fall due that day, and which, with the sanction of the president, is retired by the substitution of another note.

When the minimum number of directors necessary for the consideration and dispatch of business have appeared, the board is constituted, and called to order by the president, who takes his seat at the head of the walnut dining-table, with the cashier opposite or at his elbow. The minutes of the previous board-meeting are then read by the cashier, and confirmed. Afterwards, the president delivers a short address, explaining the position of the bank, and the general character of the discount offerings. This is followed by a scrutiny of the offerings, and sometimes by a discussion thereupon. Such is the occupation of the board in the bank-parlour, and the American mode of discounting bills. Between the board meetings, however, there is not unfrequently a considerable amount of discounts done on the responsibility of the president or the cashier; but as such transactions are reported to the next board meeting, and may become the subject of unpleasant comment, the discretion is never as a rule exercised unless in cases in which everything is right. An apparently strong guarantee against abuse in this direction is found in the practice of not submitting any question to the vote. Every

act of the board is practically unanimous, no favour being granted if there is a strongly expressed feeling of dissent; and in those cases in which the malcontents oppose from ignorance, prejudice, or doubt, they usually yield to the representations and assurances of their differently inclined colleagues.

Individually, the leading members of the board are in their way remarkable. Mr Brass, the president, began life in New York as a street-vendor of peanuts and newspapers. Shrewd, indefatigable, and thrifty, he saved a hundred dollars, and taking the money to a bank for safe-keeping, the receiving teller turned out to be one of the pea-nut customers. The boy was not lost sight of afterwards, and eventually was installed in the bank to light the stove, help the porter to carry specie from bank to bank, there being then no clearing-house, and to do the errands. These duties were discharged cheerfully and zealously; and before the boy attained to manhood he had advanced to the position of paying-teller. In that position he remained some years. After the difficulties of 1837, he went westward, and speedily amassing a fortune in 'wild-cat' banking, returned to New York. Old friends gathered round him, his antecedents were considered of the right sort for a new 'institution,' and the Lincoln Bank was accordingly established, with the former pea-nut and newspaper vendor as its president and chief. A more thoroughly 'Young America' representative-man never filled a bank chair. Uniting business qualifications of the highest order, with a suavity, grace, and intelligence which would have done credit to the frequenter of the salons, he was a living exemplification of what was attainable under the free government of the republic. The pity is, that the conditions favourable to the formation of the same character are no longer possible. A vindictive and desolating domestic war will inevitably, where it has not done so already, give to 'Young America' of the time, and possibly of the future, more subdued and less-dignified views of their country and of themselves.

The cashier, Mr Sharp, is, of course, no other than the early patron of the street-vendor of peanuts and newspapers. He yielded willingly and unreservedly to the success of one many years his junior. Much of the favour with which the Lincoln Bank is regarded in the street, among the shareholders, and by the public, is owing to the skilful watchfulness, method, and organisation of Mr Sharp. In himself, he is a mercantile agency with a staff of active touters and eaves-dropping scandal-commissaries. He has only to turn to a customer's account to know his man as accurately as if he were his tailor or his valet. A showy balance when the account was opened, large deposits at times by cheque, frequent applications for discounts in sums and names which are glaringly alike, reveals on the instant an unsafe and 'slippery fish.' An even run of balances, and a multiplicity of transactions, giving tellers and bookkeepers no end of trouble, on the contrary, reveals a safe and plodding man of business, likely to be found at all times in his counting-house, and whom the bank is bound to help liberally without a murmur, on a falling market, during a bad season, in the perplexity and retrenchment of an adverse state of the exchange, and even in a time of downright pressure. Mr Sharp has seldom occasion to turn to the accounts themselves; a retentive memory for little things supplying his material for an inductive judgment, when judgment is of some moment. Farrance, in the grocery trade, last autumn accepted a bill for fencing-wire shipped on speculation to California, which the seller deposited, as collateral to his own note, with a bill-broker, who was a customer of the Lincoln Bank; and the bill-broker afterwards needing accommodation from the bank, used the collateral again, thereby letting Mr Sharp into a secret which, to the day of his death, he is sure to remember. Farrance is not therefore to be

trusted; or, if trusted, it is to be done cautiously, and to an extent only which would be considered safe in case of accident; for once at least, with his eyes open, he has stepped out of his own proper line. Smibert, the draper, our cashier remembers was discovered on one occasion to have exchanged cheques with some one keeping an account with another bank, neither at the time having a single dollar at his credit; and the sum on the fictitious cheques being drawn out afterwards by Smibert, the bank became the unwilling victim of an unsecured and temporary overdraft. He is therefore a tricky fellow, and his present application is to be refused. Brown, the shipowner, our cashier met at Saratoga the summer before last, when suffering from dyspepsy; and Brown occupied himself with fast horses and fashionable ladies. In the opinion of Mr Sharp, Brown is therefore on the road to ruin, or is strongly bent on setting out upon it. The accommodation is therefore given grudgingly, or is refused.

Ruffles is a regular attender at all the board meetings, and usually arrives half an hour before the proper time, to make himself prepared to discharge his duty in a conscientious manner as a shareholder and director. His colleagues detest him. He is always asking the same questions over again, always on principle opposing the discount of large sums to individual firms, and always doubting the solvency of the best customers of the bank. On principle, he is opposed to discounting bills for transactions with people in the south, in the west, or on the west coast. The loans of a bank, in his opinion, ought to be restricted to paper, the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers of which are at hand and known; and he has often urged that bills for small sums should have a preference over bills for large sums. The reason of this is, that in addition to being illiterate, he is the retired proprietor of a city milk-walk. All his means were accumulated in coppers by his own hands; and habit and vulgar prejudice have so warped his mind, that he is exclusively in favour of little things. Although a unit at the board, the rule of unanimity requires that occasional compliances should be conceded to his demands. One of the ways in which he has been often foiled, when strongly opposing the discount of paper which could not prudently be declined, has been by referring the 'offering' to the president, with power to act if the collaterals were what is called 'number one.'

Two more prominent directors must still be noticed, before all the conflicting influences at work in the bank-parlour are fully known. Scroggins is in the provision-trade, which is one of cash payments; and Whipple is in the leather-trade, which is one of credit. Whipple never says a word when long-dated bills are offered; while Scroggins is opposed to them, unless in the case of a falling market, when accommodation is required by one of his own class. The selfishness and inconsistency of the latter have never once in the course of many years occurred to him, though both have been glaringly apparent to his colleagues.

The way in which the bank-parlour magnates are affected in times of plenty and in times of panic, might now almost be reasoned out *a priori*. In times of plenty, Scroggins and Whipple pull well together, and the voice of Ruffles is seldom heard. The board-meeting is not exactly formal, although Mr Sharp and the president, as a rule, have everything their own way. In times of panic, on the contrary, the rule is to do nothing, but to try to stem the current and avoid the breakers. No application that can be made has much chance of being listened to, and those which are made from doubtful or distrusted quarters have none at all. When light begins to break, or when there is a lull in the crash of business ruin, those whose accounts have stood well, and whose business conduct has been irreproachable, have some faint hope of being

saved; none others have; and how circumspect, therefore, ought those to be whose fair commercial fame is still untarnished! Could the bank-parlour be entered by the thoughtless trader during a period of severe pressure, a lesson would be learned never to be forgotten. The cashier leaves his seat to gain news from the porter, who has been abroad on a secret mission. On his return, the president and directors are informed that Brown & Co. are talked about freely in the street, and that Thomson & Co. opened their place of business one hour later this morning. If Brown & Co. and Thomson & Co. have accounts with the bank, and want accommodation not to be obtained elsewhere, this possibly idle rumour caught by the bank porter may at once seal their fate. Reputation, at such a time, cannot bear to be either touched or questioned. The cashier may next go to the receiving teller, and inquire the character of the late deposits of a certain firm. He answers that they have been 'scaly.' A receiving teller handles cheques and notes with as much sagacity as a salesman in Billingsgate handles fish. The application of the firm is therefore peremptorily refused. The cashier may then go to the paying teller, who, if intelligent, knows every customer's affairs by the cheques he pays across the counter. The class of people to whom a particular firm has been paying cheques lately, are not assuring; and so he answers. Another pillar in the commercial fabric therefore falls.

Walk into a bank, and try to possess yourself of the notes or coin lying carelessly on the counter, and you are watched by eyes which you do not observe. It is the duty of every bank clerk to be vigilant, and the thief is therefore caught. The vigilance of a faithful bank clerk does not, however, stop with watching thieves; every incident in the business of a bank, and every face and garment that comes within his observation, drawing or paying money, suggests an inference which, some time or other, may find expression in the parlour.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

POOR MILES! The necessity of facing strangers on the top of the coach helped him to some external control of his emotion, but it was nevertheless so evident in his pale and marked countenance, that his fellow-passengers left him to himself. He felt as if his heart had been torn out by the roots: he doubted then, and for some succeeding days, if he could recover sufficiently to set about hard work. The strong suffer in proportion to their strength; but time and, still more, youthful buoyancy, bring relief, hope, and vigour. Miles was very firm of purpose. During even those first sorrowful days, he kept his plans steadily in view. The Smiths, kind as ever, insisted on his being amused. They attributed his depression to the horrors that had been enacted at Parker's, and congratulated him that he had time to recover before commencing new duties. He was glad to acquiesce tacitly in their mistake; He had not told his mother of his love for Amy; he could not bear its being talked about, even to his father. Soon after his arrival in London, he wrote Mrs Latham a letter, intended to include and interest all her family, and said that he would write again when he had been settled at Leyburn long enough to have some just idea of the people there. The letter tells its own story:

'MY DEAR MRS LATHAM—Here I am, quite settled, and I thankfully acknowledge myself very fortunate. Mr and Mrs Manners are good and pleasing—very

kind to me, as well as to all their large establishment. Mr Manners has an excellent library, of which he has desired me to make good use, and he is always willing to help my own studies. He told me candidly that he began life as I am beginning it, but with the drawback of very delicate health. What I want most is patience; I fret to do more than I can do, to get on faster than possible. I believe that I should wear myself out if I were not obliged to bend to the boys. Irksome as that is, I am sure it is wholesome discipline. Tell Walter that the fishing here is very good, better than at Dulford, and that I have not forgotten my promise about the flies; I am making some for him, and I shall have an opportunity of sending them soon, with some flower-seeds for you and Amy. Tell her that my mother and Mary have knitted me some stockings, which she would, I think, approve of highly: they are soft and elastic, better than old Dame Green's; but I suppose that she cannot get as fine lambs-wool as we do in the bleak north. I find myself in one respect a hero—that terrible night at Parker's is often talked of, and the boys think my knocking him down a tremendous feat. Did Parker ever make any statement of the cause of his last outbreak? I should like to know what it was. My mother and sister complain that I am a wretched correspondent. Men cannot certainly compete with ladies in letter-writing. With a heart full of gratitude and affection, and a very busy mind, I can say no more to-day than love to all, from, my dear Mrs Latham, yours ever, MILES STANTON.'

So Miles worked away, steadily and hopefully, and the Lathams prospered. He was to divide the mid-summer vacation between them and the Smiths. Prudence forbade the long journey into Yorkshire, and his yearning to see Amy again balanced his natural longing to be at home once more. It wanted but a fortnight to the holidays, when his plans were altered by a letter from his eldest sister.

'DEAREST MILES—Nothing but the not knowing what else to do, would make me write as I am about to write to you. Three weeks ago, poor dear papa caught a severe cold from a wetting, and all our usual remedies failed—fever followed. Mamma wore herself out with attendance on him and anxiety for us all. She is now very ill, and Mr Thompson says she has low fever, which may end in typhus. Papa is recovering, but very weak, requiring great care and expensive comforts. Guess how we are to get them! I have been with mamma night and day, but I fear I cannot hold out much longer, and then what will become of everything? Peggy is very good and willing, does, in fact, all that one servant can do, but illness is very troublesome, and I am afraid she must have help. Then the money—it is nearly gone, and there is none coming for the next six weeks. What are we to do, Miles, dear? It is hard to take any from you; you work for it, and your plans will be hindered by giving it, but I know that you will send some willingly. I wish you could come to us; but great as the comfort would be, I do not ask this, but leave you to consider about it. The expense would be very great, and you could not be of as much use as if you were a woman, and you might catch this fever. I shall not tell papa or mamma that I have written till the letter is gone. They would not let me make you unhappy, but I am sure you would rather know the real state of things, and I really do not see what is to become of us.—Your fond sister, MARY.'

This letter reached Miles by the post that brought him one from Mrs Latham, giving him some commissions to execute for her on his way through London; and one from Walter, full of the delight that he and Amy felt in looking forward to his visit. Expecting no unusual news from home, he had indulged the impulse, natural in his circumstances, and read this letter first. He had even enjoyed some delicious day-dreaming before he opened poor Mary's. The revulsion of feeling was great; but there was no struggle between duty and inclination; they coincided. He wrote immediately to Mary, enclosing half a ten-pound note, promising that the other half should follow next day; told her to get wine, a nurse, everything that the invalids and she herself required; said that he would take a little time to consider whether he had better go home, or send the money that his journey would cost; and that he would consult Mrs Latham; assured Mary that he had never before known how much happiness money could give, and that he should feel not only bound, but delighted, to give his last farthing to add to the comfort of those who were so near and dear to him. He felt that a year previously he should have said, nearest and dearest. Next he enclosed Mary's letter to Mrs Latham, telling her what he had done, and asking what he had better do. That good and sensible woman shall speak for herself in her answer to him.

'MY DEAR MILES—The vicar and I, and indeed all of us, are truly sorry for the trouble in your family. For your sake, you know, we feel a particular interest in them. You have only done what we should have expected from you. It does not appear from your sister's letter that your mother is in danger; if she were, I should say, Go to her. I can guess that she would be too self-sacrificing to ask you to do it, even while her heart ached to think of dying without seeing you once more. She will, please God, recover; and as an extra servant would be far more useful than you can be, I recommend your supplying the funds for paying one, and keeping to your original plan for the holidays. Moreover, you might, as your sister says, take this fever, and so add to the family affliction. Let us hear again as soon as you have any fresh intelligence; and when you write, assure your father, mother, and sister of our warm sympathy. We all unite in love to you, and in wishing to see you soon.—Your affectionate friend,

SUSAN LATHAM.'

'It is hard upon Miles,' said the vicar to his wife when they were alone; 'every farthing that he has saved will be wanted.'

'True, my dear; but he could not do otherwise. We must have completely altered our feeling and opinion about him if he had hesitated.'

'There is, nevertheless,' resumed Mr Latham, 'something to be said on the other side of the question. The sooner Miles becomes independent, the sooner can he help his family effectually. He can give a home to a sister or sisters—push on his brothers. All this is, to all human appearance, delayed for two or three years longer than might have been calculated.'

Mrs Latham smiled inwardly, and thanked God silently that her husband's practice was in continual contrast to this cautious, timid talk.

It was a bright July morning. Mr—by courtesy, Dr—Thompson awoke with a sigh, and put on, with less than his usual alacrity, the white corduroy breeches, double-breasted, lemon-coloured kerseymer waistcoat, and myrtle-green coat with brass buttons, which had been his ordinary attire since he retired from his majesty's service by sea, to the varieties of country practice in the north of England. 'Down, Vic, down,' was the only notice he took of the morning greetings of his favourite bull-terrier; and no good-

morning did he—as was his custom—say to the staid servant who brought his breakfast. He made a light and hasty meal; and sighed again when he mounted his clever little hack, to set out on his rounds. He had not gone far when a cheerful female voice saluted him with: 'Good-morning, doctor; you are taking it leisurely to-day. Are all your patients getting well in spite of you?' He turned to answer a lady of about his own age—forty-five, perhaps—and of a certain similarity of appearance, stout, hearty, good-humoured; behind, or rather defiant of the fashion as regards dress; and driving, unattended, a neat little brown cob. She seemed puzzled by his gravity, and half-seriously, half-jocosely asked: 'Why, what is the matter with you?'

The doctor was whimsical; liked, even in his rare moments of sadness, to tantalise; so he said: 'I am devoured by a useless wish, Miss Blenkinsop.'

It was too bad of him, for he was perfectly well aware that Miss Blenkinsop knew him to be suspected of a hankering after her, and of being too timid to come to the point. He knew, moreover, that this was not the case; and he enjoyed seeing an involuntary change pass quickly over the lady's frank, firm countenance, as she rejoined: 'What is it? Are you sure it is useless?'

'You shall decide. I was wishing that there were no poor parsons.'

'Amen! But what makes that wish uppermost in your mind just now? and why are you so unusually serious?'

'Poor Mrs Stanton died last night.'

'Good heavens! you don't tell me so! I had heard that she was ill—had taken fever from her husband—but that she was recovering. You know I am not in their parish—I wish I was—and they never called on me. What an afflicted family! There are several children, are there not? Poor things! what will become of them?'

'They will feel their mother's loss as little as possible, if their eldest sister lives. She is a wonderful creature. She has nursed her father and mother; she was with her mother to the last; kept the house in order, and managed everything; but I fear she will break down. With all her homely talents and virtues, she has the nervous temperament, and the tone of mind which feels most acutely; and she is not strong. She will go on uncomplaining till she drops.'

'How old is she?'

'Only just nineteen.'

'Has she no one with her?'

'The eldest brother, a fine young man, two years her senior, came two days ago, and he is an immense comfort; but she wants a female friend: they have no near relative who can come to them, and just now the only neighbours who could have been of any real use are away. Mr Stanton, who was recovering, is prostrated by this new blow; and there are those young things, alone with sickness, death, and poverty.'

The doctor's voice trembled. Miss Blenkinsop's honest eyes were full of tears, which she tried to hide, but in vain. She made a miserable show of wanting her handkerchief for her nose only; but it covered her forehead for a minute before she said: 'Are you going to the parsonage?'

'Yes; I stayed there last night till all that could be done was done; gave father and daughter a composing draught, and told young Miles to insist on their staying in bed till I came. I told him that I would make all arrangements, and exactly as I knew that his father, my old friend, would like them. The poor fellow said he must remind me how little they could afford; and I quieted him by saying that I knew all about it. Now I shall take care that that good wife and mother is laid in her last resting-place as she ought to be; but there are other things I don't know how to manage, for I cannot bear to think of hurting Mary's feelings. They must have mourning; I am

sure they cannot pay for it, and that they will not order it; and I don't want any one to know that it is given to them; and, in fact, Miss Blenkinsop,' continued he, with a touch of his habitual playfulness, 'I think I have enough to make a respectable elderly—I mean middle-aged—practitioner look grave on this lovely summer morning.'

'Yes, because you want to do everything yourself, sir; but do you not see the hand of Divine Providence in my meeting you? Here am I, a single woman without encumbrance, straying out to enjoy the weather, the very person wanted in that house of mourning. You must go on and tell that young Miles—by the by, is he not the man who behaved so well at that atrocious pedagogue's somewhere down in the south? I thought so—tell him that a friend of yours, whom you can trust, is coming to take care of the household for his sister, till she's well. Meanwhile, I'll put up the pony, and dawdle about the garden till you call me in. Leave the rest to me. I had a father and mother of my own once.'

'God bless you!' said Mr Thompson, more cordially than he had ever spoken to her before. 'I see my way clearly enough now. What an owl I was not to think of you!'

Miles had not gone to bed; he had watched his father and sister fall asleep under the influence of the medicine; had looked at the younger ones, who needed no narcotic, and had then gone to sit by the side of his dead mother. There he wept long and freely; there he promised her that nothing—not even his love for Amy—should tempt him to leave undone anything that he could do for the benefit of those dear ones to whom she had been devoted, and for whom only she wished to live. He thought of all her patience, meekness, self-denial, love; and felt that he had never half appreciated, never at all repaid her. Then he said to himself: 'Life is nothing—death is everything. Now, for the first time, do I realise what I am, and for what purpose sent into this world.'

Thus the night and early morning passed—he the only watcher in that silent house: then beginning to act in his new character, he called the servant, had the family prayers, the breakfast, and tried to interest and amuse the children according to their ages. He was glad when Mr Thompson came. He had known him from childhood, and had no reserves with him. With regard, therefore, to Miss Blenkinsop's offer, he owned that he shrank from exposing their narrow housekeeping to a stranger, especially to one who was accustomed to every comfort; but the bluff doctor said: 'My dear young friend, take my advice, and thank God for sending this good Samaritan. Your father and sister are incapable of acting. Absolute quiet of mind and body is indispensable for them. This good creature will come quietly in, put away her bonnet, send for her night-cap, and homely old servant, manage the dinner, the children, the everything that some one must do, and that a young man cannot do. I grant you that not one woman in five hundred is fit for such a delicate undertaking, but she is the very one. And now, Miles, not one word about money. All that ought to be done *shall* be done. Miss Blenkinsop and I divide the spoils—that is, take all the expenses on ourselves. It will be a secret between us. Your father has a right to all that his friends can do for him, and it is little enough compared with his devotion to them and his present trouble; so don't—there's a good fellow—look over-come, and crush my fingers to pieces—I have hard work already to keep my own old eyes dry, and you and I must cheer up others, so I'll call Miss Blenkinsop in to help us.' He did so; and she and Miles grasped hands as if they had known one another for years; and she kissed the children, and asked Miles to see if Mary was awake, and to prepare her for making friends with her. He did it so well, that when, half an hour

later, Miss Blenkinsop went to Mary's bedside and laid her hardy cheek against the girl's pale thin one, Mary threw her arms round her neck, and cried and sobbed on her bosom so freely that she had no difficulty afterwards in relieving her poor heart in words. Thus, in that great trouble there came to that afflicted family help and comfort according to their need. Some of the neighbours said that it was hardly decent of Miss Blenkinsop to take possession of the house before Mrs Stanton was cold, and that Mr Stanton must have observed and been disgusted at such a dead set at him; but this did no harm.

Six weeks had passed slowly. Mr Stanton was recovering; Mary was meekly endeavouring to fill her mother's place; Miles had gone back to his school, accompanied on his journey by his next eldest brother, George, destined for Mr Smith's office. Miss Blenkinsop borrowed the little girls in turn to stay with her. The material position of the family was generally improved, but the elder members of it felt that they moved in a new world. Miles said he felt old. There was so much incident crowded into his last two years and a half.

The Lathams had watched him with intense interest and increasing esteem. His ready sacrifice of self at a time when he had the strongest possible temptation to be worldly-wise, his perfect freedom from regretful after-thought, his unimpaired hopefulness and resolution so worked upon the vicar, that he told his wife he could never know a man to whom he would so willingly give his darling child, and that he hoped he would succeed as he deserved. Mrs Latham remarked that he had fully justified her good impressions of him. Amy was shy of talking about him to any one but her mother; to her she had expressed freely all her sympathy in Miles's sorrow, all her admiration of his conduct; with her she had discussed his prospects. 'God is sure to reward his filial piety,' said Mrs Latham; 'and we shall see, perhaps, that the very circumstances which seem against him tend to his advantage.'

'I hope so,' replied the Little Rosebud heartily, 'and that nothing will prevent his coming for the Christmas holidays. It will be a year since he was here before, and then we were not so happy as we ought to have been: first, that dreadful business at Mr Parker's was fresh in our minds; and next, we were all sorry that Miles was going away.'

'A gentleman wants to see master, ma'am,' said the servant entering; 'and if master's out, he'll be glad to speak to you.'

'Who is it, Jane?'

'I don't know, ma'am; and when I asked his name, he said you did not know him, but I might give you this card.'

On the card was engraved 'Captain James Jackson, ship *Maria*, London.'

'Shew him into the study, Jane. Say that your master is out, but that I will come.'

A tall, slight man of sixty or thereabouts, prepossessing in appearance, turned from the study window at the sound of Mrs Latham's footstep, and, colouring, said: 'I am sorry, ma'am, to find that Mr Latham is out, for I wished particularly to see him. Probably, however, you can give me the information I come to ask. And I am sure you will pity me when I tell you that I am the only surviving relative of poor Mrs Parker who was so barbarously murdered in this town ten months ago.' He paused, overcome, then continued: 'She was, in fact, my sister.'

'I expect the vicar presently, Captain Jackson; but till he arrives I will with pleasure answer as fully as I can any questions that you like to put, and it cannot be necessary to say that I sympathise deeply with you. Pray, sit down.'

'I am the master,' said Captain Jackson, 'of a barque trading between the West Indies and London.'

I maintained no regular correspondence with my poor sister: I was, in fact, displeased with her for marrying that rascal. I always distrusted him; this led to reserve between poor Margaret and me. First of all, she was angry, and, lastly, no doubt the poor thing preferred keeping her trouble to herself. On my last voyage home, however, my mind was much occupied about her in a way that I could not explain, and I determined to come down and see my sister as soon as my business would permit. Indeed, I thought of retiring from the sea, and if I found things better than I expected at Parker's, of offering to spend the remainder of my life with them. I have money, and I do not intend to marry. I came to London three weeks ago, discharged my cargo, and was considering whether I would take Margaret by surprise, or write to her first, when I got this piece of old newspaper, wrapped round a pound of tobacco. Look at it!

He laid his face on his hands, and sobbed while Mrs Latham read the paper. It contained a narrative, substantially true, of the circumstances which led to poor Mrs Parker's death. Mrs Latham was deeply moved, and had not recovered herself sufficiently to be able to speak when Captain Jackson resumed: 'It was such a blow as a man can never wholly recover, and for a while I felt stunned, and did not know what to do. God forgive me! I was comforted to find that Parker was transported. At first, I wished him hanged. I felt that if the law had not caught him, I must have hunted him, and broken every bone in his worthless body. Then I felt a longing to know who took care of that poor soul in her dying moments, and if she left any message, and so on. So I came down here last night, meaning to ask questions at the son, but I found I could not do it without breaking down, and a man doesn't like to shew his feelings to every one. I looked at the paper again, and saw that the "vicar and his wife rendered every attention to the sufferer," and I made up my mind to come here, and I'm right glad I did. God bless you!' He concluded warmly, for Mrs Latham was weeping, and her tears comforted him.

Gently and feelingly, she told him all the sad story—that his sister had not suffered much or long after the dreadful blows inflicted by her husband—that she forgave him fully—tried to extenuate his guilt, and sent him a message exhorting him to repentance and hope—that she had mentioned a seafaring brother, and said she was sure that if he lived he would come some day to make inquiries about her; that she had hoped Mrs Latham would fall in with him, and give him her fond love, some of her hair, and some articles she mentioned. She had, from weakness, pronounced his name so indistinctly that Mrs Latham could not catch it; but she had kept his legacies carefully, in hope of being able to give them to him some day. 'In fact, Captain Jackson, I felt deep regret that I had not known your sister intimately. All that I saw of her during her last few days, and all that those last dreadful circumstances revealed of her patient endurance, and conscientious discharge of duty, inspired me with cordial respect and regard for her; but we had always felt that her husband was not a person with whom we could be intimate, and we had no idea how different she was.'

'So we go on through life, ma'am,' said the sailor: 'sometimes it would be better if we knew more of others, and oftentimes it would be worse. Margaret and I were never forward to make acquaintances. We lost our parents when we were children, and were brought up by people who did their duty to us, but were not familiar like father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and I daresay that made us distant in our manner.'

'Would you like,' asked Mrs Latham, 'to see your sister's grave? We have a private gate from our lawn into the churchyard, and she lies very near it. I

will take you there, and leave you, if you like, but I hope you will return and spend the evening with us.'

He thanked and followed her. She had judged correctly that he would like to be alone, and it was more than an hour before he came back. By that time, Mrs Latham had put her husband in possession of his history, and he met him with genuine kindness. Gradually the vicar told him every detail of the dreadful outbreak at Parker's, and Miles's conduct naturally attracted Captain Jackson's attention. 'What has become of that young man?' he asked. 'He behaved well, and I should like to help him on in the world, if he needs it.'—Miles's simple story was soon told.—'So the young gentleman wants to go to college, and has not the money,' said he; 'I should like to see him. Where is he?'—He was told.—'I suppose there would be nothing odd or unpleasant in my calling on him?'

'Certainly not,' said the vicar. 'But it may modify your plans to know that we expect to have him with us early next month. He is to spend the Christmas holidays with us; and if you can make it convenient to come to Dulford during his visit, we shall be happy to make you mutually acquainted.'

'Thank you, sir; I will think of it; and, if you allow me, will write to you. My intention is to sell my share in my barque, and resign the command. I have worked hard, and acquired ample means to live in comfort for the rest of my life. I am too confused as yet to decide where I will settle. I have no near ties, and it is as yet a matter of doubt with me whether I should like to live near poor Margaret's last resting-place. I cannot tell yet whether it would soothe or madden me to see daily the house where she suffered so much, and died so sadly. At one moment, I fancy I should like to live in it; at another, I feel as if I could not bear to pass by it.'

Christmas-eve, and a bright, frosty, sunny, sparkling one; but it brought sadness to Stanton parsonage, where the sweet wife and mother had been, and was not. Not, however, hopeless sadness; they believed that she was happy, and felt that they had much to live for. Dr Thompson and Miss Blenkinsop have invited themselves, and they will take no refusal. They are to come to a one-o'clock dinner: she is to stay till after New-year's Day; he is to sleep at home, for fear a patient should want him, but he is to dine as often as he can at the vicarage. It is no secret that he is to be married soon to Miss Blenkinsop. The gossips say now that she knew better than to set her cap at a poor parson with a large family, that she has done well for herself, and that some people's luck is wonderful. She says herself that the doctor and she are a couple of old fools, but that there have always been old fools as well as young ones, and she supposes that there always will be. She is a mother to Mary and all that young family, and a valuable friend to their father.

There is great joy at Dulford vicarage. Miles is expected before five; the vicar is roused from his usual placidity; Walter is wild; Mrs Latham and Amy have got everything ready. Such a neat little bedroom! Such beautiful holly and ivy in the hall, and, indeed, wherever it can be put! The mince-meat and cakes are a complete success; there is no doubt what the pudding will be. The poor people's good and comfortable things have been given to them, and Amy goes to her own little nest to dress. She is to put on a white muslin frock with a scarlet sash. She is not long, and there are some minutes to spare. She sits down to think. Will Miles be as glad to come back as he was sorry to go away? She thinks he will. She feels still the firm clasp of his hand—he is not a changeable character: what should she do if he were! She will not think of it; she only hopes she shall not cry for joy when he comes—it would be silly. Mamma comes

down; she says the coach is late, and that it always is when one expects any one. There it is. Two minutes more, and Miles holds both Amy's hands, and they who parted in suppressed sorrow have met in frank gladness. Miles says something rapidly, which meets no ear but Amy's; she hears the words: 'My own, own darling!'

The little loving heart must then have overflowed in tears but for the unexpected appearance of Captain Jackson. There he was behind Miles, looking thoughtfully and kindly at her. He turned, and said to her father: 'I have to explain and apologise for my abrupt reappearance, Mr Latham; and, if you please, I will do so in another room.'

'Get rid of your greatcoat first, and warm yourself, and have some tea,' said Mrs Latham. 'We cannot separate again directly we have all met. We have not looked at Miles yet, and I want to see if he is altered, and to ask how he is.'

Her husband was equally cordial; and Captain Jackson acquiesced gladly. 'I must, however,' said he, 'relieve my mind by telling you that I found I had not patience to wait to make Mr Stanton's acquaintance here, so I went to Leyburn a few days ago, and I have used my time there so well that he has promised to be my son. His familiarity with the last two years of poor Margaret's life makes him especially interesting to me, and I know enough of his character to believe that intimacy will but draw us closer, if he will bear with any oddities that advancing years bring. I have often thought that they come out on old people as knots do on old trees, so I expect my share.'

'I hope and think,' said the vicar, 'that you and Miles are fortunate in each other, and that thus, in a totally unlooked-for way, joy will come from your poor sister's sorrows.'

Every one can imagine that happy tea-party; and most readers can guess the tenor of the private conversation that followed.

Captain Jackson began it by saying that he had not yet decided where he would live; that there was no hurry about it; that his judgment would be better when his feelings were calmer. But Miles was to go to college next term; and meanwhile, after his visit to the parsonage, was to go and see his family, that they might be cheered by his good-fortune. 'There is, however, more to be discussed,' he said: 'Miles told me candidly of his attachment to your sweet daughter, and of your sentiments about it. Now, I will venture to ask you whether, his prospects being now good, you object to their being engaged? I confess that it would make me happy.'

The vicar fidgeted and looked at his wife, but she knew that the decision ought to come from him, and was silent. His voice trembled a little as he said: 'Time and observation of Miles Stanton's character have materially modified my feelings; and though it costs me a pang to promise my darling to any one, I feel that I could not hope to keep her with me always, and I confess that I think she is fortunate to have secured the affection of so worthy a young man. I give them my blessing, stipulating only that they shall not marry before Miles has taken his degree, and that we shall never be more than six months separated from our child. Do you agree with me, Jane?'

'I do,' replied Mrs Latham firmly; 'and now, let us go back to them. You must spend your Christmas with us, Captain Jackson. We have another spare room.'

Lovers' confessions were never intended to be public. After an early conversation with the vicar on Christmas morning, Miles asked Amy to take a walk with him after church; and before they returned, they had promised to be faithful to each other till death.

Three years afterwards, they were married, and happy.

JEWELS.

Flowers of the inner Earth, that never fade,
But bloom unchanged for centuries unseen,
In radiance born of darkness, and yet made
To double daylight's sheen;

Mysterious children of Earth's hidden deeps,
Strangers to sun, and stars, and crystal sphere—
Some wondrous secret life within you sleeps,
That hath no symbol here.

I see a quiv'ring strife within you waged,
A heart of light convulsed in chained control,
As though within the adamant were caged
A struggling new-born soul.

The Diamond, in its restless rainbow blaze,
With essence of th' unquiet Aurora filled;
The Ruby, in whose core of focused rays
The sunset is distilled;

The steadfast Emerald, with her planet-light,
Like Earth in summer sunshine all attired;
The Sapphire, shrine of truth, keen, pure, and bright,
With Heaven's own light inspired;

The Carbuncle, in whose volcano-heart
Has Mother-Earth instilled the fearful blood
That cries to Heaven for vengeance, till it start
To judgment in a flood;

Pearls, sad as frozen tears upon a shroud,
And pallid as the spectre-moon by day;
The Opal, fraught, like tender morning-cloud,
With shifting tint and ray;

The golden gleaming Topaz, that hath caught
A struggling sunbeam in its heart of rock;
The Gem, whose tint from glacier-depths seems brought,
The living spring to mock—

Has each a life peculiar and apart,
Long sealed in darkness in the rock, and first
Waked when the chisel on its blinded heart
Let Heaven's full radiance burst.

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